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To a Pleasant New TUNE

CALL'D

# A Pot of Good Ale.

**G**OOD people, what ! will you of all be bereft ?  
Will you never Learn Wit, whil't a penny's left ?  
We are all like the Dog in the Fable betray'd ;  
To let go the Substance, and snap at th' Shade.  
These Specious Pretences,  
And Foreign Expences.  
No war for Religion will wast all our *Chink* :  
It's Snipt, and it's Clipt ;  
And it's Spent, and it's Lent,  
*'Till it's gone ; 'till it's gone, to th' Devil, I think.*

We pay for our *New-born*, and pay for our *Dead* :  
We pay if we are *Single*, and pay if we *Wed*,  
Which shews our unmerciful *Senate* don't fail,  
To begin with the Head, and Tax down to th' Tail.  
We pay through the Nose.  
For Subjecting our Foes ;  
Yet for all our Expences, get nothing but Blows.  
Abroad we are Defeated ;  
At Home we are Cheated.  
*And th' End on't, the End on't, The Lord above knows.*

We've parted with all our old Money, to shew  
How we foolishly hop'd, for a plenty of New,  
But might have remember'd when't comes to a Push  
A bird in the Hand, is worth two in the Bush.  
We now like poor Wretches,  
Are kept Shut, under Hatches.  
At Rack, and at Manger, like Beast in the Ark  
Since our Burgeesses and Knights,  
Makes us pay for our Lights ;  
*Why shou'd we, Why shou'd we, be kept in the Dark.*

F I N I S.